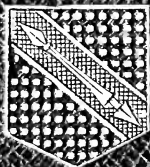
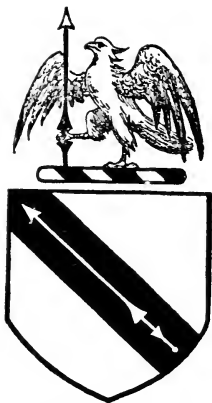


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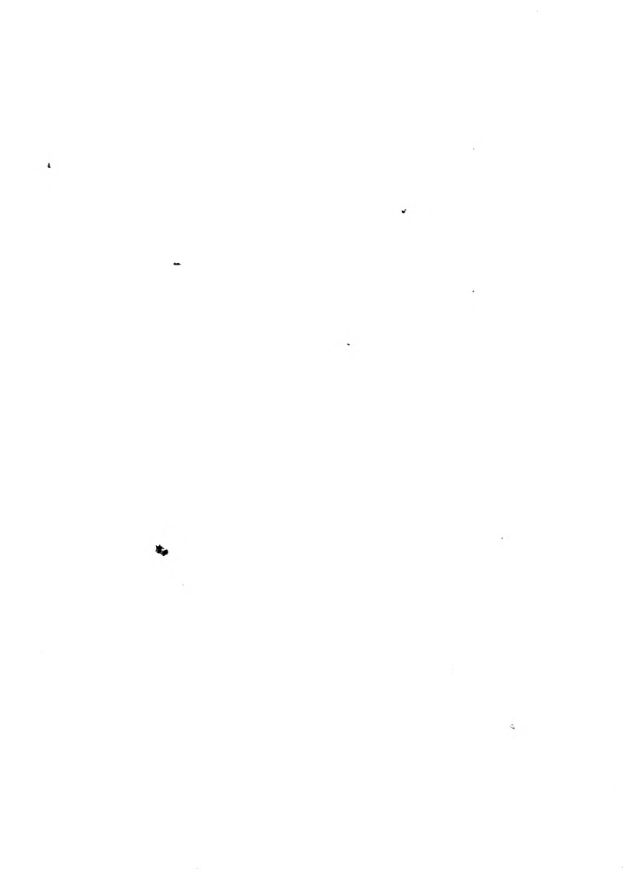


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THE
TEMPLE SHAKESPEARE



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and W. Aldis Wright, Esq., the text here
used is that of the "Cambridge" Edition.*

*First Edition of this issue of "Pericles, Prince of Tyre" printed August 1896.
Second Edition, February 1897. Third Edition, March 1898. Fourth
Edition, June 1899. Fifth Edition, June 1900. Sixth Edition, October 1901.
Seventh Edition, September 1902. Eighth Edition, May 1904. Ninth Edition,
September 1905.*



John Gowers, Lord of the Manor, Southwark.

We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of Pericles on him , yet let us say,
As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines,
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand,
As shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

G. LILLO



HARD is the task, in this discerning age,
To find new subjects that will bear the stage ;
And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring
Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing ;
Blest parent of our scene ! whose matchless wit,
Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.
Well may that genius every heart command,
Who drew all Nature with her own strong hand
As various, as harmonious, fair and great,
With the same vigour and immortal heat ;
As thro' each element and form she shines :
We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's lines
Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,
Have long usurp'd the honour of his name ;
To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,
Is just to him, and richly worth our pains.
We dare not charge the whole unequal play
Of Pericles on him ; yet let us say,
As gold tho' mix'd with baser metal shines,
So do his bright inimitable lines
Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd stand
And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

G. LILLO : *Prologue to Marina (an
adaptation of PERICLES, 1738).*

Preface.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre, was first published, in quarto, in 1609, with the following title-page:—

“THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | Called | *Pericles*,
Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie,
| adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The
no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life,
of his Daughter | *MARIANA*. | As it hath been diuers and
sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe
on | the Banckside. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at
London for *Henry Gosson*, and are | to be sold at the signe of the
Sunne in | Paternoster row, &c. | 1609. | ”*

A second quarto appeared in the same year; a third in 1611; a fourth in 1619; a fifth in 1630; a sixth in 1635.

These quarto editions are sufficient evidence for the popularity of the play; its omission from the First and Second Folios is all the more significant: it was reprinted, however, from the Sixth Quarto, in the Folios of 1664 and 1685, which included “seven plays never before printed in Folio,” viz.: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*; *The London Prodigal*; *The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell*; *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham*; *The Puritan Widow*; *A Yorkshire Tragedy*; *The Tragedy of Locrine*.

In dealing with the authorship of *Pericles* two facts must be borne in mind:—(i)

* This quarto and the Second have been reproduced in facsimile in Dr Furnivall's Quarto-Series.

the verdict of the Editors of the First Folio in rejecting it from their volume; (ii) the early allusions and early traditions which associate the play with Shakespeare's name; thus, in 1646, S. Shepherd wrote:—

“with Sophocles we may
Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes
Never like him his Fancy could display,
Witness the Prince of Tyre, his *Pericles*.”

The writer of these lines must have been voicing the opinion of many enthusiastic spectators of “the much-admired play”; J. Tatham, however, uttered the views of the more critical faction, when in 1652 he quoted this censure:—

“*Shakespeare, the Plebeian driller, was
Foundered in's Pericles, and must not pass.*”

“*Pericles*” indeed seems to have become almost proverbial for a bad play successful in hitting the tastes of the masses.

“*And if it prove so happy as to please,
We'll say 'tis fortunate like Pericles;*”

so wrote Robert Tailor, in the Prologue to “*The Hog hath lost his Pearl*.”

Ben Jonson in his Ode “*Come leave the loathed stage*” (1629-30), singled out for special scorn

“*some mouldy tale
Like Pericles*”;

while Owen Feltham reminded him frankly that certain portions of his own “*New Inn*”

“*throw a stain
Through all the unlikely plot, and do displease
As deep as Pericles.*”

It must be observed that there is no reference in these latter quotations to Shakespeare's alleged authorship. Subsequently,

Prince of Tyre ➤

Dryden accepted the play, while Pope rejected it, and the early editors down to the time of Malone followed his example; since the time of Steevens it has been included in the Canon, its doubtful character, however, being generally recognised. "I must acquit," wrote Steevens in opposition to Malone's views, "even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials." Happily modern criticism corroborates the judgment of the First Editors, condemns a great part of *Pericles* as altogether un-Shakespearian, and relieves the poet of all the offensive and loathsome scenes of "the mouldy tale." Shakespeare's hand cannot be traced in the first two Acts, nor in the coarse portions of Act IV., viz. scenes ii., v., and vi.; his work is "the strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of Marina," and is to be found in the last three acts of the play. Mr Fleay has extracted the precious metal from the alloy, and the result is a charming Shakespearian Romance*—"a kind of prologue" to the glorious group of "Romances" belonging to the close of his literary career (*vide* Prefaces to *Cymbeline*, *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*).

The date inferred from the connection of the "Marina portion" of *Pericles* with the last plays of Shakespeare is borne out by external evidence, as well as by more minute internal considerations. The title-page of the first edition, the reference to it as "a new play" in a metrical pamphlet entitled *Pimlyco* published in 1609, the publication in 1608

* Published by the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874.

of a novel based upon it "as lately represented," all point to *circa* 1607-8 as the date of Shakespeare's part: this view is strongly confirmed by metrical tests which make it contemporary with "*Antony and Cleopatra*."

No scholar would now venture to support Dryden's statement in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe*, 1675:—

"Shakespear's own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor;
'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
All Hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day."

It is possible to differentiate no less than three styles in the play of *Pericles*. Shakespeare's share has already been assigned to him: in all probability Act IV. Sc. v. and vi. are not by the author of the first two Acts and the short line chorus. The author of the latter portion was certainly George Wilkins, who in 1608 brought out a novel, "being the true history of the play, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower;" he lays claim to the play as a 'poor infant of his brain,' and his claim is justifiable, (*vide* Delius, *Preface to Pericles*, and especially Mr Fleay's valuable essay on "*Pericles*," read before the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874).

The third author may have been W. Rowley, who was joined with Wilkins and John Day in writing "*The Travels of the three English Brothers*," etc.; this point is, however, a matter of conjecture, and the evidence is not altogether convincing.

The direct sources of *Pericles* were Laurence Twine's *Patterne of Paineſul Adventures*, published in
viii

Prince of Tyre

1576, and Gower's collection of metrical tales called "*Confessio Amantis*"; both these works were consulted for the famous story of *Apollonius of Tyre*. Gower was indebted for his tale to Godfrey of Viterbo's *Pantheon*, a Latin work of the 12th century; Twine probably reprinted an earlier 16th century version, derived from a French source. The story was among the most widespread stories of the Middle Ages; its original was probably in Greek; the earliest allusion to the Latin version belongs to the middle of the 8th century. A West-Saxon translation was made in the 11th century (*cp.* Ward's *Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum*; P. Z. Round's *Preface to Quarto-Facsimile*; Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, &c.).

The name '*Pericles*' in place of '*Apollonius*' may have been derived from Sidney's *Arcadia*.

The action of the play covers a period of from fifteen to sixteen years, of which fourteen days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the Choruses:—

- Day 1. Act I. Sc. i.—*Interval*.
- Day 2. Act I. Sc. ii., iii.—*Interval*.
- Day 3. Act I. Sc. iv.—*Interval*, 2nd Chorus.
- Day 4. Act II. Sc. i.
- Day 5. Act II. Sc. ii., iii., iv.
- Day 6. Act II. Sc. v.—*Interval*, 3rd Chorus.
- Day 7. Act III. Sc. i.
- Day 8. Act III. Sc. ii.—*Interval*.
- Day 9. Act III. Sc. iii., iv.—*Interval*, 14 years, 4th Chorus.
- Day 10. Act IV. Sc. i.—*Interval*.

≡ Pericles, Prince of Tyre

Day 11. Act IV. Sc. ii., iii.—*Interval, 5th Chorus* (Act IV. Sc. iv.).

Day 12. Act IV. Sc. v., vi.—*Interval, 6th Chorus.*

Day 13. Act V. Sc. i.—*Interval, 7th Chorus* (Act V. Sc. ii.).

Day 14. Act V. Sc. iii. (*cp. Daniel's "Time: Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays."*)



PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilena.*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A Pandar.
BOULT, *his servant.*

The daughter of Antiochus
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*
A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen,
and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries*

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.

Before the palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales ;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives :
The purchase is to make men glorious ;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,

10

I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria :

I tell you what mine authors say : 20

This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace ;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke :

Bad child, worse father ! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none :

But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin. 30

The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow :
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life :
So for her many a wight did die,

Prince of Tyre ❧

As yon grim looks do testify.

40

What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye

I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles and Followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections. 10

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read

Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.

You gods that made me man and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast 20
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view 30
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must
die.

Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance
pale,

That without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;

Prince of Tyre ➤

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist. 40

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling
 woe

Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Princess.*]

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,

Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

‘I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother’s flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father :
He’s father, son, and husband mild ;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.’

[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last : but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill :
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt ;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate. 80
You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
But being play'd upon before your time,

Prince of Tyre ≡

Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,

For that's an article within our law,

As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired :

Either expound now or receive your sentence. 90

Per. Great king,

Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;

'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,

He's more secure to keep it shut than shown :

For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,

The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole

casts

100

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is

throng'd

By man's oppression ; and the poor worm doth die

for't.

Kings are earth's gods ; in vice their law's their will ;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill ?

It is enough you know ; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [Aside] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has
found the meaning :

But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict, 111
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days ;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
Forty days longer we do respite you ;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son :
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth. 120

[Exeunt all but Pericles.]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight !
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father ;

Prince of Tyre ➤

And she an eater of her mother's flesh, 130
By the defiling of her parent's bed ;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke :
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame : 140
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner :
And therefore instantly this prince must die ;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there ?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call ? 150

Ant. Thaliard,

You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy :
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold ;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him :
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done ?

Thal.

My lord,

'Tis done.

Ant. Enough.

160

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. *[Exit.*

Ant.

As thou

Wilt live, fly after : and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say ' Prince Pericles is dead.'

Thal. My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough : so, farewell to your
highness.

Prince of Tyre ≡

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be
dead, 170
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

Tyre. *A room in the palace.*

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us. Why
should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me
quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,

Have after-nourishment and life by care ;
 And what was first but fear what might be done,
 Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
 And so with me : the great Antiochus,
 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great can make his will his act,
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
 Nor boots it me to say I honour him, 20
 If he suspect I may dishonour him :
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known :
 With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
 Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence :
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 Who am no more but as the tops of trees 30
 Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
 Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
 And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,

Prince of Tyre

Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him :

For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark, 40

To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,

Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.

When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your life.

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;

I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's in our haven,

And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,

thou

50

Hast moved us : what seest thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power

To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the axe myself ;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise : sit down : thou art no flatterer :
 I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid 61
 That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid !
 Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
 Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
 What wouldst thou have me do ?

Hel. To bear with patience
 Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
 That minister'st a potion unto me
 That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
 Attend me then : I went to Antioch, 70
 Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
 I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
 From whence an issue I might propagate,
 Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.
 Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder ;
 The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest :
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
 Seem'd not to strike, but smooth : but thou know'st
 this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80
 Under the covering of a careful night,

Prince of Tyre

Who seem'd my good protector ; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous ; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years :
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms, go
And make pretence of wrong that I have done
him ;

When all, for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence :
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir !

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came ;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 100

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to
speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,

And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,

Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be. 110

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence ?

Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can
bear it.

I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath : 120
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack
both :

But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

Prince of Tyre ≈

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now I do see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre. 10

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, Further to question me of your king's departure: His seal'd commission left in trust with me Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves, He would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch ?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not— 20
Took some displeasure at him ; at least he judged

so :

And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'ld correct himself ;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be
hanged now, although I would ; but since he 's
gone, the king's seas must please : he 'scaped
the land, to perish at the sea. I'll present
myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre !

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome. 30

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles ;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us :
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. 40

[*Exeunt.*]

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Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it ;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are ;
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza, 10
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish ?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air ; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them
louder ;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

20

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
 A city on whom plenty held full hand,
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets ;
 Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the
 clouds,
 And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at ;
 Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
 Like one another's glass to trim them by :
 Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
 And not so much to feed on as delight ;
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great, 30
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our change,
 These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
 Were all too little to content and please,
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
 As houses are defiled for want of use,
 They are now starved for want of exercise :
 Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste, 40
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
 Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now

Prince of Tyre

To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life :
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true ?

50

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears !
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor ?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward. 61

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor ;
And so in ours : some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. 70

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves. 81

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:

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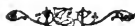
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you !
And we 'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise :
We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harbourage for ourself, our ships and men. 100

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we 'll accept ; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]



Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis, to incest bring ;
 A better prince and benign lord,
 That will prove awful both in deed and word.
 Be quiet then as men should be,
 Till he hath pass'd necessity.
 I'll show you those in troubles reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
 The good in conversation,
 To whom I give my benison, 10
 Is still at Tarsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can ;
 And, to remember what he does,
 Build his statue to make him glorious :
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought your eyes ; what need speak I ?

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon ; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles ; Pericles shows the letter

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to Cleon ; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours ; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive ; 20
And to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him ;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;
For now the wind begins to blow ;
Thunder above and deeps below 30
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split ;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost :
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself ;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad :

And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text. [*Exit.* 40

Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven !
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you ;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you :
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death :
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;
And having thrown him from your watery grave, 10
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch !

Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets !

First Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say !

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Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

20

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

30

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, 40
I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed
me too: and when I had been in his belly, I
would have kept such a jangling of the bells,
that he should never have left till he cast bells,
steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the
good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these 50
drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If
it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar,
and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast. 60

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to
cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball

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For them to play upon, entreats you pity him ;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's
them in our country of Greece gets more with
begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then? 70

Per. I never practised it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for
here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless
thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know ;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on :
A man throng'd up with cold : my veins are
chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help ;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead, 80
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid't!
And I have a gown here ; come, put it on ; keep
thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow !
Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh
for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er
puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend ; you said you
could not beg.

90

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave ! Then I 'll turn craver too,
and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then ?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all ; for if all
your beggars were whipped, I would wish no
better office than to be beadle. But, master,
I 'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*]

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their
labour !

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye 100
are ?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I 'll tell you : this is called Penta-
polis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call
him ?

First Fish. Ay, sir ; and he deserves so to be called
for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his
subjects the name of good by his government. 110
How far is his court distant from this shore ?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey : and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday ; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may ; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal 120 for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help ! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law ; 'twill hardly come out. Ha ! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends ! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself ; And though it was mine own, part of my heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, 130 With this strict charge, even as he left his life, 'Keep it, my Pericles ; it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death : '—and pointed to this brace—

‘ For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend
thee.’

It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm’d have given’t
again:

I thank thee for’t: my shipwreck now’s no ill,
Since I have here my father’s gift in’s will. 140

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you’d guide me to your sovereign’s court.
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune’s better,
I’ll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

First Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady? 150

Per. I’ll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do’c take it, and the gods give
thee good on’t!

Sec. Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; ’twas we that
made up this garment through the rough seams
of the waters: there are certain condolences,

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certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Believe't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel ; 160
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm :
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We'll sure provide : thou shalt have
my best gown to make thee a pair ; and I'll
bring thee to the court myself. 170

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

The same. *A public way or platform leading to the lists.
A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the
King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph ?

First Lord. They are, my liege,

And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so ; for princes are 10
A model which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to entertain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight ; he passes over, and his Squire presents
his shield to the Princess.*

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun ; 20
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The Second Knight passes.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;

Prince of Tyre ≡

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady ;
The motto thus, in Spanish, ' Piu por dulzura que por
fuerza.' [The Third Knight passes.

Sim. And what's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;
The word, ' Me pompæ provexit apex.' 30
[The Fourth Knight passes.

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down ;
The word, ' Quod me alit, me extinguit.'

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[The Fifth Knight passes.

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried ;
The motto thus, ' Sic spectanda fides.'
[The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.

Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself 40
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;
The motto, ' In hac spe vivo.'

Sim. A pretty moral ;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward
show

Can any way speak in his just commend ;

For by his rusty outside he appears 50

To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw

Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, and all cry 'The mean knight!'*

The same. *A hall of state: a banquet prepared.*

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

Prince of Tyre

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest ;
To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours ;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed ;
And you are her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'
the feast,—

For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides. 20

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love ;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit

First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage, 30
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. [*Aside*] Yon king's to me like to my father's
picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence; 40
None but beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did veil their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

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Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,— 50

As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—

We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court

Had not a show might countervail his worth.

Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes 60

To honour them:

And princes not doing so are like to gnats,

Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,

Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to
him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:

He may my proffer take for an offence,

Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

70

Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you

Of whence you are, your name and parentage. 80

Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;

My education been in arts and arms;

Who, looking for adventures in the world,

Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,

And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,

Who only by misfortune of the seas

Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune, 90

And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,

And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Prince of Tyre ≡

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.

Come, sir,

100

Here's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied

Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

[*To Pericles*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours,
sir,

110

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

And that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free :
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing ; for they so stunk, 10
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice ; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard

Prince of Tyre ➤

To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference

Or council has respect with him but he.

Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof. 19

Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.

First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.

First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you
love.

First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,

Or know what ground's made happy by his
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;

If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; 30

And be resolved he lives to govern us,

Or dead, give's cause to mourn his funeral,

And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest in our
censure:

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

40

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects, 50
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

Prince of Tyre

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door : the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord ?

Sim. Faith, by no means ; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery ; so
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt Knights.*]

Sim. So,
They are well dispatch'd ; now to my daughter's
letter :

She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress ; your choice agrees with mine ;
 I like that well : nay, how absolute she's in 't,
 Not minding whether I dislike or no ! 20
 Well, I do commend her choice ;
 And will no longer have it be delay'd.
 Soft ! here he comes : I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides !

Sim. To you as much, sir ! I am beholding to you
 For your sweet music this last night : I do
 Protest my ears were never better fed
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;
 Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master. 30

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing : what do you think of
 my daughter, sir ?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not ?

Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you ;
 Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
 And she will be your scholar : therefore look to it.

Prince of Tyre ➤

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster. 40

Sim. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*Aside*] What 's here ?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre !

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain. 50

Per. By the gods, I have not :

Never did thought of mine levy offence ;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor !

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his
courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relish'd of a base descent. 60

I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state ;
 And he that otherwise accounts of me,
 This sword shall prove he 's honour's enemy.

Sim. No ?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
 Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
 Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
 To any syllable that made love to you.

7c

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
 Who takes offence at that would make me glad ?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory ?

[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—

I 'll tame you ; I 'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,

Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger ? [*Aside*] who, for aught I
 know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself.—

8c

Therefore hear you, mistress ; either frame

Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be ruled by me, or I 'll make you—

Prince of Tyre ≡

Man and wife :

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy ;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy !
What, are you both pleased ?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed ? 90

Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed ;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout ;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole ;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.

Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10
 A babe is moulded. Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche :
 What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

*Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants ;
 a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a
 letter : Pericles shows it Simonides ; the Lords kneel
 to the former. Then enter Thaisa with child, with
 Lychorida, a nurse : the King shows her the letter ;
 she rejoices : she and Pericles take leave of her father,
 and depart with Lychorida and their Attendants.
 Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.*

By many a dern and painful perch
 Of Pericles the careful search,
 By the four opposing coigns
 Which the world together joins,
 Is made with all due diligence
 That horse and sail and high expense 20
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
 Fame answering the most strange inquire,

Prince of Tyre

To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these :
Antiochus and his daughter dead ;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none :
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress .
Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
' Our heir-apparent is a king !
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing ?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
His queen with child makes her desire— 40
Which who shall cross ?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe :
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea : their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
Hath their keel cut : but fortune's mood
Varies again ; the grisled north

Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives : 50
 The lady shrieks and well-a-near
 Does fall in travail with her fear :
 And what ensues in this fell storm
 Shall for itself itself perform.
 I nill relate, action may
 Conveniently the rest convey ;
 Which might not what by me is told.
 In your imagination hold
 This stage the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.* 60

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that hast
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
 Having call'd them from the deep ! O, still
 Thy deafening dreadful thunders ; gently quench
 Thy nimble sulphurous flashes ! O, how, Lychorida,
 How does my queen ? Thou stormest venomously ;
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ? The seaman's whistle

Prince of Tyre

Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida !—Lucina, O 10
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails ! Now, Lychorida !

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do : take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida !

Lyc. Patience, good sir ; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen, 20
A little daughter : for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods !
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away ? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life !

For a more blustrous birth had never babe :
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions ! for
 Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world 30
 That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows !
 Thou hast as chiding a nativity
 As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
 To herald thee from the womb : even at the first
 Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
 With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
 Throw their best eyes upon 't !

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir ? God save you !

Per. Courage enough : I do not fear the flaw ;
 It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love 40
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
 I would it would be quiet.

First Sail. Slack the bolins there ! Thou wilt not,
 wilt thou ? Blow, and split thyself.

Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
 billow kiss the moon, I care not.

First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard : the sea
 works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie
 till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

Prince of Tyre

First Sail. Pardon us, sir ; with us at sea it hath been still observed ; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her ; for she must over-board straight.

Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen !

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear ;
No light, no fire : the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight 60
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze ;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer : lay the babe
Upon the pillow : hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman. 70

[*Exit Lychorida*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this ?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach
it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it 80
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I'll bring the body presently [Exeunt.

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

*Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have
been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this
Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;

Prince of Tyre

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this
to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow. 10

Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Ger. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

First Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake ;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple : pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early ;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Ger. O, you say well. 20

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer.

I hold it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater

Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend,

But immortality attends the former,

30

Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have,

Together with my practice, made familiar

To me and to my aid the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;

And I can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures ; which doth
give me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,

40

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,

To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

Your creatures, who by you have been restored :

And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon

Such strong renown as time shall never. . . .

Prince of Tyre

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So ; lift there.

Cer. What's that?

First Serv. Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore 50

This chest : 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set't down, let's look upon't.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight :

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed ! Did the
sea cast it up ?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as
toss'd it upon shore.

Ger. Wrench it open :

Soft ! it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60

Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse !

First Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state ; balmed and entreaured

With full bags of spices ! A passport too !
 Apollo, perfect me in the characters !

[*Reads from a scroll.*

‘ Here I give to understand,
 If e’er this coffin drive a-land,
 I, King Pericles, have lost
 This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
 Who finds her, give her burying ;
 She was the daughter of a king :
 Besides this treasure for a fee,
 The gods requite his charity ! ’

70

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
 That even cracks for woe ! This chanced to-night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Ger. Nay, certainly to-night ;

For look how fresh she looks ! They were too rough
 That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within : 80
 Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a servant.*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
 And yet the fire of life kindle again
 The o’erpress’d spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
 That had nine hours lien dead,
 Who was by good appliance recovered.

Prince of Tyre

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and cloths.

The rough and woful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, beseech you.

The viol once more : how thou stirr'st, thou block !

The music there ! I pray you, give her air. 91

Gentlemen,

This queen will live : nature awakes ; a warmth

Breathes out of her : she hath not been entranced

Above five hours : see how she 'gins to blow

Into life's flower again !

First Gent.

The heavens,

Through you, increase our wonder, and set up

Your fame for ever.

Ger.

She is alive ; behold,

Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels

Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part 100

Their fringes of bright gold : the diamonds

Of a most praised water do appear

To make the world twice rich. Live,

And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,

Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*]

Thai.

O dear Diana,

Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world
is this ?

Sec. Gent. Is not this strange ?

First Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours !

Lend me your hands ; to the next chamber bear her.

Get linen : now this matter must be look'd to,

For her relapse is mortal. Come, come ; 110

And Æsculapius guide us !

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

Tarsus. *A room in the Governor's house.*

*Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with
Marina in her arms.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone ;

My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands

In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,

Take from my heart all thankfulness ! The gods

Make up the rest upon you !

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,

Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen !

That the strict fates had pleased you had brought
her hither,

To have bless'd mine eyes with her !

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar 10
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care ; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection 20
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty :
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation !

Per. I believe you ;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave. 30

Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace 40
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,

Prince of Tyre ≡

Even on my eaning time ; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all ;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*



Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
 Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there as a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In music, letters ; who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place
 Of general wonder. But, alack,
 That monster envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,
 Even ripe for marriage rite ; this maid
 Hight Philoten : and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be :

10

20

Prince of Tyre ≡

Be't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk ;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it ; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan ; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian ; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina : so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead :
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event

30

40

I do commend to your content :
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way. 50
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do't :
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 Inflamm too nicely ; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her. 10
 Here she comes weeping for her only mistress'
 death. Thou art resolved ?

Leon. I am resolved.

Prince of Tyre

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers : the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ay me ! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?
How chance my daughter is not with you ?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing :
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's
Changed with this unprofitable woe !
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine ; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you ; 31
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come ;
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here : when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve 40
 That excellent complexion, which did steal
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;
 But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least :
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while :
 Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood :
 What ! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam. 50
[*Exit Dionyza.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
 But cried ' Good seamen ! ' to the sailors, galling
 His kingly hands, haling ropes ;

Prince of Tyre

And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born :

Never was waves nor wind more violent ; 60
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. ‘Ha!’ says one, ‘wilt out?’
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn 70
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life :
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,

But I wept for it. How have I offended, 80
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.

You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :

Good sooth, it show'd well in you : do so now :

Your lady seeks my life ; come you between, 90

And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon.

I am sworn,

And will dispatch.

[*He seizes her.*]

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain ! [*Leonine runs away.*]

Sec. Pirate. A prize ! a prize !

Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.

Come let 's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes ;

And they have seized Marina. Let her go :

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There's no hope she will return. I'll swear she's
dead,

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further : 100
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[*Exit*

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boul.

Pand. Boul !

Boul. Sir ?

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mytilene is full
of gallants. We lost too much money this mart
by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures.
We have but poor three, and they can do no
more than they can do ; and they with con-
tinual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we 10
pay for them. If there be not a conscience
to be used in every trade, we shall never
prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true : 'tis not our bringing up of

poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up
some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven ; and brought them down again.
But shall I search the market ?

Bawd. What else, man ? The stuff we have, a
strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so 20
pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true ; they 're too unwholesome,
o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead,
that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him ; she made him
roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the
market [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as
pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give
over. 30

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you ? is it a shame
to get when we are old ?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity,
nor the commodity wages not with the danger :
therefore, if in our youths we could pick up
some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our
door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand
upon with the gods will be strong with us for
giving o'er.

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Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we. 40

Pand. As well as we ! ay, and better too ; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade ; it's no calling. But here comes Boulton.

Re-enter Boulton, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boulton. [To Marina] Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin ?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boulton. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see : if you like her, so ; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boulton, has she any qualities ? 50

Boulton. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes : there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boulton ?

Boulton. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in ; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. 60

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boulton, take you the marks of her, the colour

of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity ; and cry ‘ He that will give most shall have her first.’ Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow !

He should have struck, not spoke ; or that these
pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had not o’erboard thrown
me 70

For to seek my mother .

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one ?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in
you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are
like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,

To ’scape his hands where I was like to die. 80

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen
of all fashions : you shall fare well ; you shall

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have the difference of all complexions. What !
do you stop your ears ?

Mar. Are you a woman ?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a
woman ?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

90

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling : I think I shall
have something to do with you. Come, you're
a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as
I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me !

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men,
then men must comfort you, men must feed you,
men must stir you up. Boul't's returned.

Re-enter Boul't.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market ?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of 100
her hairs ; I have drawn her picture with my
voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find
the inclination of the people, especially of the
younger sort ?

Boul't. Faith, they listened to me as they would
have hearkened to their father's testament.

There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered,
that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with 110
his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you
know the French knight that cowers i' the
hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the
proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and
swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his
disease hither: here he does but repair it. I 120
know he will come in our shadow, to scatter
his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller,
we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have
fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you
must seem to do that fearfully which you
commit willingly, despise profit where you
have most gain. To weep that you live as
ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but 130
that pity begets you a good opinion, and that
opinion a mere profit.

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Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home :
these blushes of hers must be quenched with
some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must ;
for your bride goes to that with shame which
is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, 140
mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I
like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed
yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town : report
what a sojourner we have ; you 'll lose nothing
by custom. When nature framed this piece, 150
she meant thee a good turn ; therefore say
what a paragon she is, and thou hast the
harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so
awake the beds of eels as my giving out her
beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring
home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways ; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. 160
Diana, aid my purpose !

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana ? Pray
you, will you go with us ? [Exeunt.

Tarsus. *A room in the Governor's house.*

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish ? Can it be undone ?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon !

Dion. I think
You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare ! O villain Leonine !
Whom thou hast poison'd too : 10
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness

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Becoming well thy fact : what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night ; I'll say so. Who can
cross it ?

Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
' She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods 20
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then :
Yet none does know, but you, how she came
dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30

She did distain my child, and stood between
 Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
 Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
 Not worth the time of day. It pierced me
 thorough ;
 And though you call my course unnatural,
 You not your child well loving, yet I find
 It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it !

Dion. And as for Pericles, 40
 What should he say ? We wept after her hearse,
 And yet we mourn : her monument
 Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
 In glittering golden characters express
 A general praise to her, and care in us
 At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
 Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
 Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
 Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the
 flies : 50
 But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

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Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make
short ;

Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't ;

Making, to take our imagination,

From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime

To use one language in each several clime

Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you

The stages of our story. Pericles

Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, 10

Attended on by many a lord and knight,

To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Helicanus goes along ; behind

Is left to govern it, you bear in mind

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late

Advanced in time to great and high estate.

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought

This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought :

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—

To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. 20

Like motes and shadows see them move awhile ;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles at one door, with all his train ; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb ; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon, Dionyza, and the rest.

See how belief may suffer by foul show !
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe ;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears
o'ershower'd,

Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs :
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*
'The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.

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She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd : 40
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villany
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune ; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [Exit.

Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like ?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place
as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there!
did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-
houses: shall's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I'll do any thing now that is vir-
tuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for
ever. [*Exeunt.* 10

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boul.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of
her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the
god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We
must either get her ravished or be rid of her.
When she should do for clients her fitment and
do me the kindness of our profession, she has me
her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her
prayers, her knees; that she would make a puri-
tan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her. 10

Boul. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish
us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers
priests.

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Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers. 20

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but 30 there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose ; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee ?

40

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*]

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature ?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you : leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave : a word, and I'll have done presently. 50

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

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Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. 60

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done ?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet : you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. Go thy ways. 70

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boul.*]

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade ?

Mar. What trade, sir ?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession ?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young ? Were you a gamester at five or at seven ? 80

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honourable parts and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

90

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgement good 100
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more; be sage

Mar. For me

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,
O, that the gods

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Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air !

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well ; ne'er dream'd
thou couldst. 110

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for
thee :

Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee !

Mar. The good gods preserve you !

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent ; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee. 120

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness ! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boul.

Boul. I beseech your honour, one piece for
me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper !

Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away ! [*Exit.*]

Boult. How 's this ? We must take another course
with you. If your peevish chastity, which is 130
not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country
under the cope, shall undo a whole household,
let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your
ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me ?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or
the common hangman shall execute it. Come
your ways. We 'll have no more gentlemen
driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now ! what 's the matter ? 140

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress ; she has here
spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable !

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink
afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever !

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like

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a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boulton, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure : crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable. 150

Boulton. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods !

Bawd. She conjures : away with her ! Would she had never come within my doors ! Marry, hang you ! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind ? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays ! [*Exit.*

Boulton. Come, mistress ; come your ways with 161 me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me ?

Boulton. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boulton. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be ?

Boulton. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress. 170

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change :
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib ;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable ; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do ? go to the 180
wars, would you ? where a man may serve
seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not
money enough in the end to buy him a wooden
one ?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth ;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman :
Any of these ways are yet better than this ;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods 190
Would safely deliver me from this place !
Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will

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Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, 200

And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee : if
I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
them. But since my master and mistress have
bought you, there's no going but by their con-
sent : therefore I will make them acquainted
with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall 210
find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for
thee what I can ; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*



Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays ;
 Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
 That even her art sisters the natural roses ;
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry :
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain 10
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost :
 Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
 Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep : from whence
 Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense ;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies. 20

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In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles ; think this his bark :
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd ; please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*

On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus ? he can resolve you.

O, here he is.

Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will ?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen ! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call ?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would
come aboard ; I pray, greet him fairly. 10

*[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend,
and go on board the barge.*

*Enter from thence, Lysimachus, and Lords; with the
Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir ! the gods preserve you !

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place ? 20

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king ;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature ?

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Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a
goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir! 40

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon 50

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side. *[Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.]*

Hel. Sure, all's effectless ; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar, 60
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one !—
Is't not a goodly presence ?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Prince of Tyre ≡

Lys. She's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty 70
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her ;
And the gods make her prosperous ! [*Marina sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us. 81

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha !

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet : she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

Though wayward fortune did malign my state, 90
 My derivation was from ancestors
 Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :
 But time hath rooted out my parentage,
 And to the world and awkward casualties
 Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist ;
 But there is something glows upon my cheek,
 And whispers in mine ear ' Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
 To equal mine !—was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
 You would not do me violence. 101

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
 You are like something that—What countrywoman ?
 Here of these shores ?

Mar. No, nor of any shores :
 Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
 No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
 My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
 My daughter might have been : my queen's square
 brows ;
 Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight, 110
 As silver-voiced ; her eyes as jewel-like
 And cased as richly ; in pace another Juno ;

Prince of Tyre ≡

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,

The more she gives them speech. Where do you
live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred ?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe ?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak : 120
Falseness cannot come from thee ; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in : I will believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends ?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending ?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st 130
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,

And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends? 140
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power, 150

Prince of Tyre ❧

My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?

And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born, 160
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter's buried.—Well: where were you
bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave : 170
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me ;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me ;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,
You think me an impostor : no, good faith ;
I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus !

Hel. Calls my lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general : tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.

Hel. I know not ; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage ; being demanded that, 190

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She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir ;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come
hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again ! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees ; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us : this is Marina. 201
What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title ?

Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre : but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father. 210

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa ?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee ! rise ; thou art my child.
 Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus :
 She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
 By savage Cleon : she shall tell thee all ;
 When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
 She is thy very princess. Who is this ? 220

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
 Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
 Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
 Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
 O heavens bless my girl ! But, hark, what music ?
 Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
 O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
 How sure you are my daughter. But, what music ?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None ! 230
 The music of the spheres ! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him ; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear ?

Lys. My lord, I hear.
 [*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music !
 It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
 Hangs upon mine eyes : let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

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Lys. A pillow for his head :

So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

240

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Diana appears to Pericles in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus : hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe ;
Do it, and happy ; by my silver bow !

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.* 250

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus !

Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir ?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am
For other service first : toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails ; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.

[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon
your shore,

And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need ?

Lys. Sir, 260
With all my heart ; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gower, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose 270
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,

Prince of Tyre ≈

That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina ; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade : whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd, 280
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [Exit.

The temple of Diana at Ephesus ; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess ; a number of Virgins on each side ; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train ; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian ! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
 Was nursed with Cleon ; who at fourteen years
 He sought to murder : but her better stars
 Brought her to Mytilene ; 'gainst whose shore 10
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour !
 You are, you are—O royal Pericles !— [*Faints.*]

Per. What means the nun ? she dies ! help, gentlemen !

Ger. Noble sir,
 If you have told Diana's altar true,
 This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no ;
 I threw her overboard with these very arms.

Ger. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain. 20

Ger. Look to the lady. O, she's but overjoy'd.
 Early in blustering morn this lady was
 Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
 Found there rich jewels ; recover'd her, and placed
 her

Here in Diana's temple.

Prince of Tyre

Per. May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look !

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, 30
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles ? Like him you spake,
Like him you are : did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death ?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa !

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian !

Thai. Now I know you better.

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.

[Shows a ring.

Per. This, this : no more, you gods ! your present kind-
ness 40

Makes my past miseries sports : you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to Thaisa.*]

Per. Look, who kneels here ! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa ;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine own !

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen !

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute : 51
Can you remember what I call'd the man ?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation :
Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found ;
How possibly preserved ; and who to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power :
that can 60
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer

Prince of Tyre ≡

More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, 70
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves 80
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

≡ Pericles, Prince of Tyre

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last : 90
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears :
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn ;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending, 100
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*



Glossary.

ABSOLUTE, faultless, perfect ; Prol. IV. 31.

ACCOUNT, accounted ; (Qq., "account'd", "accounted"; Ff. 3, 4, "counted"); Prol. i. 30.

ADDRESS'D, prepared ; II. iii. 94.

AFORE ME, on my word, by my soul ; a slight oath ; II. i. 84.

AMAZEMENT, confusion, bewilderment ; I. ii. 26.

APPLIANCE, appliances ; III. ii. 86.

APPROVE, commend ; II. i. 55.

ARGENTINE, silver hued ; V. i. 251.

AS, as if ; Prol. I. 24 ; I. i. 16.

—, that ; I. ii. 3.

ATTEND, await ; I. iv. 79.

ATTEND ME, listen to me ; I. ii. 70.

ATTRIBUTE ; "an honest a.", reputation for honesty ; IV. iii. 18.

AVAUNT, out of my sight ; IV. vi. 125.

AWFUL, full of awe, reverent ; Prol. II. 4.

AWKWARD, adverse ; (Q. 1, "augward") ; V. i. 94.

BASES, embroidered skirts which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback ; II. i. 167.

BEHOLDING, beholden ; II. v. 25.

BELCHING, vomiting ; III. i. 63.

BLOWN, swollen ; V. i. 256.

BLURTED AT, held in contempt ; IV. iii. 34.

BOLINS, bowlines ; III. i. 43.

BONUM QUO ANTIQUIUS, EO MELIUS ; i.e. a good thing for being old, the older the better ; Prol. I. 10.

BOOTLESS, without gain, profitless ; V. l. 33.

BOOTS, avails, helps ; I. ii. 20.

BOT'S ON'T, an execration ; II. i. 124.

BRACE, armour worn on the arm ; II. i. 133.

BRAID, reproach, upbraid ; (Malone, "braid") ; I. i. 93.

BREATHING, exercise ; II. iii. 101.

BUXOM, lively, fresh ; Prol. I. 23.

CAN=gan, (an old auxiliary form)=did ; Prol. III. 36.

CATES, delicacies ; II. iii. 29.

CENSURE, opinion ; II. iv. 34.

CHANCE, chances it ; IV. i. 23.

CHARACTER, handwriting ; III. iv. 3.

CHEAPEN, bid for ; IV. vi. 10.

CHEQUIN, an Italian gold coin ; (Q. 1 "Checkins" ; Qq. 2, 3, "Chickins", Qq. 4, 5, 6, F. 3, "Chickeens" ; F. 4, "Chickens") ; IV. ii. 28.

CHIDING, noisy ; III. i. 32.

CITY, inhabitants of the city, citizens ; V. iii. 97.

CLEAR, virtuous ; IV. vi. 113.

CLERKS, scholars ; Prol. V. 5.

COCKLES, mussel-shells ; IV. iv. 2.

COIGNS, corners ; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, "Crignes") ; Prol. iii. 17.

COMMEND, commendation ; II. ii. 49.

COMPANION ; "her mild c.", the companion of her mildness ; (Daniel conj. "her wild c." ; "in her mild company") ; I. i. 18.

CONCEIT, ability to think ; III. i. 16.

CONCLUSION, (?) problem ; I. i. 56.

CONDITIONS, disposition ; III. i. 29.

CONDOLEMENTS, blunder for *doles* ; II. l. 156.

CONFOUND, waste, consume ; V. ii. 14.

CONSIST, insist; I. iv. 83.
 CONVERSATION, conduct; Prol. II. 9.
 CONVINCED, overcome, defeat; I. ii. 123.
 COPP'D, round-topped; I. i. 100.
 COUNTERVAIL, balance, equal; II. iii. 56.
 COUNTLESS, infinite; I. i. 31.
 CUNNING, knowledge, skill; III. ii. 27.
 CURIOUS, elegant, nice; I. iv. 43.
 DARKS, darkens, obscures; Prol. IV. 35.
 DATE, appointed term of life; III. iv. 14.
 DEATH-LIKE, deadly; I. i. 29.
 DELIVER, tell, relate; V. iii. 63.
 DELIVER'D, told, related; V. i. 162.
 DERN, secret, dreary; Prol. III. 15.
 DESIRE (trissyllabic); I. i. 20.
 DISTAIN, stain; (Steevens conj.; Qq., and Ff. 3, 4, "*disdaine*"); IV. iii. 31.
 DISTEMPERATURE, disorder; V. i. 27.
 DOLE, sorrow; Prol. III. 42.
 DOOMS, judgment; Prol. III. 32.
 DOUBT, suspect; I. ii. 86.
 DOUBTING, fearing; I. iii. 22.
 DROPPING, dripping wet; IV. i. 63.
 DUMBS, makes dumb; Prol. V. 5.
 EARNING TIME, time of delivery; III. iv. 6.
 EARNEST, money given beforehand; IV. i. 49.
 ECHE, eke out; (Qq., F. 3 ("*each*"); Prol. III. 13.
 EFTSOONS, soon, by and by; V. i. 256.
 EMBER-EVES, evenings preceding the ember-days, days of fasting at four seasons of the year; Prol. I. 6.
 ENTERTAIN, entertainment; I. i. 119.
 ENTRANCE (trissyllabic); II. iii. 64.
 ERST, erewhile, formerly; I. i. 49.
 ESCAPEN, escape; Prol. II. 36.
 EXPOSITION, expounding, interpretation; I. i. 112.

EXTREMITY, the extremity of suffering; V. i. 140.
 EYNE, eyes; Prol. III. 5.
 FACT, deed, (?) crime; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, "*face*"; Mason conj. "*feat*"); IV. iii. 12.
 FAULT, misfortune; IV. ii. 79.
 FAVOUR, face, appearance; IV. i. 25; V. iii. 13.
 FERE, companion, spouse; (Qq., "*Peere*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*Peer*"); Prol. I. 21.
 FITS, befits; I. i. 157.
 FLAP-JACKS, pancakes; II. i. 87.
 FLAW, stormy wind; III. i. 39.
 FOR, fit for; I. i. 7.
 —, for fear of; I. i. 40.
 —, in place of, instead of; III. i. 62.
 —, because; III. iii. 13; V. i. 158; V. iii. 48.
 FORBEAR, bear with; II. iv. 46.
 'FORE, before; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, "*from*"); Prol. III. 6.
 FOR THAT, because; II. i. 81.
 FRAME, go, resort; Prol. I. 32.
 —, shape, mould; II. v. 81.
 FURTHERANCE, help; II. i. 160.
 GAT, begat; II. ii. 6.
 'GINS, begins; III. ii. 95.
 GIVE HIM GLAD, make him glad; Prol. II. 38.
 GIVE'S, give us; II. iv. 32.
 GLAD, gladden; I. iv. 28.
 GLOZE, make empty words, use deceit; I. i. 110.
 GONE THROUGH, bid high; IV. ii. 47.
 GRAFF, graft; V. i. 60.
 GREETs, gratifies; IV. iii. 38.
 GRIEFS, grievances; II. iv. 23.
 GRIEVEZ, grieve us; II. iv. 19.
 GRIPE AT, grasp at, catch at; I. i. 49.

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HALING, dragging; (Malone, "*with hauling of the*"); IV. i. 55.
 HAPPILY, haply, perhaps; I. iv. 92.
 HATCHED, closed with a half door; IV. ii. 37.
 HAVING, possession; II. i. 145.
 HEAP, mass, body; (Jackson conj. "*head*"; Collier (ed. 2), "*head*"; Bailey conj. "*shape*"); I. i. 33.
 HIE THEE, hasten; III. i. 69.
 HIES, hastens; Prol. V. 20.
 HIGHT, is called; Prol. IV. 18.
 HOLY-ALES, rural festivals on saints' days; (?) church-ales, or wakes; (Steevens' emendation; Qq. and Ff., "*holy-dayes*"); Prol. I. 6.
 HONOUR, honourable office; II. ii. 14.
 HUSBANDRY, economy of time; (?) attention to business; III. ii. 20.
 IN, even in; I. iv. 102.
 INFLICT, afflict; V. i. 61.
 IN HAC SPE VIVO, in this hope I live; II. ii. 44.
 INKLE, a kind of tape; here probably some kind of embroidery silk; Prol. V. 8.
 INTEND, bend, direct; I. ii. 116.
 INTENTS, intentions; V. i. 259.
 I-WIS, truly, certainly; Prol. II. 2.
 JETTED, stalked, strutted; I. iv. 26.
 JOV, rejoice; II. i. 165.
 JUST, joust, tilt; II. i. 116.
 KILLEN, kill; Prol. II. 20.
 LATE, lately; IV. iv. 15.
 LEVEL, aim; II. iii. 114.
 LEVEL AT, aim at; I. i. 165.
 LIEN, lain; III. ii. 85.
 LIGHT, alighted, fallen; IV. ii. 77.
 LIKE, equal, the same; I. i. 108; IV. v. 1.
 LIKE, just as; II. iv. 36.
 LIKE, likely; III. i. 17; IV. i. 80.

LONGS, belongs to; (Singer, "*longs*"; Qq., "*long's*"; Ff. 3, 4, "*long's*"); Prol. II. 40.
 LOOKS, faces, countenances; (alluding to the heads of suitors which were set up at the gate to terrify others who might come); Prol. I. 40.
 LOP, cut off; I. ii. 90.
 LOUD MUSIC, made by clashing of armour; II. iii. 97.
 LOWN, base fellow; IV. vi. 19.
 LUX TUA VITA MIHI, thy light is life to me; II. ii. 21.
 MALKIN, slattern; (Q. 3, "*Mowkin*"; the rest, "*Mawkin*"; the old pronunciation); IV. iii. 34.
 MANAGE, training; usually used of a horse; IV. vi. 69.
 MASK'D, concealing as with a mask its cruel nature; (Dyce conj. "*vast*"; S. Walker conj. "*moist*"; Kinnear conj. "*mighty*"; Elze conj. "*calmest*"); III. iii. 36.
 ME POMPÆ PROVEKIT APEX, "the desire of renown drew me to this enterprise" (Wilkins' Novel); II. ii. 30.
 MIS-DREAD, fear of evil; I. ii. 12.
 MOONS, months; Prol. III. 31.
 MORTAL, fatal; III. ii. 110.
 MORTALLY, in the manner of mortals; V. i. 105.
 MOTION, a working pulse; (Pericles' exclamation after he has felt Marina's pulse); Steevens, "*no motion?*" i. e. "Are you not a puppet?" V. i. 156.
 MUST, must come to; (Wray conj. "*must be*"); I. i. 44.
 NE, nor; Prol. II. 36.
 NEEDLE (pronounced *neeld*); Prol. IV. 23.
 NEGLECTION, neglect; III. iii. 20.
 NICELV, scrupulously; IV. i. 6.
 NILL, will not; Prol. III. 55.

NOT, not only; III. ii. 46
NOUSLE, nurse; I. iv. 42.

OF, (Y) on (Ff., "on"); Prol. V. 22.
OLD, of old, long ago; Prol. I. i.
ON, of; II. i. 7; II. i. 36; III. iii. 20.
OPEN, disclose, reveal; I. ii. 87; IV.
iii. 23.

OPINION, public opinion; II. ii. 56.
OPPRESS, suppress; Prol. III. 29.
ORBS, spheres; I. ii. 122.
OSTENT, ostentation, display; (Qq.,
Ff. 3, 4, "stint"); I. ii. 25.
OWE, own; V. i. 118.

PARTED, departed from; V. iii. 38.
PARTAKES, communicates; I. i. 152.
PASSION, grief; IV. iv. 24.
PERCH, measure, mile (according to
some = "resting-place"); Prol. III.
15.

PERISHEN, perish; Prol. II. 35.
PIECE, masterpiece; IV. vi. 118.
PILCH, = leathern coat (used as a proper
name); II. i. 12.

PIU POR DULZURA QUE POR FUERZA,
more by gentleness than by force;
(the Italian "*piu*" is used instead of
the Spanish "*mas*"); II. ii. 27.

PLAIN, make plain; Prol. III. 14.
PORPUS, porpoise; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, "*Por-
pas*"; II. i. 26.

PORTLY, imposing; I. iv. 61.
PREGNANT, prompt, ready; Prol. IV.
44.

PRESENT, "his p.", that which he
presents; II. ii. 42.
—, instant, immediate; Prol. IV. 38;
V. i. 193.

PRESENTLY, immediately; III. i. 82.
PREST, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 45.
PRINCIPALS, corner-posts; III. ii. 16.
PROPORTION, portion, fortune; IV. ii.
29.

PROROGUE, draw out, linger out; V. i.
26.

PURCHASE, gain, profit; (Steevens
conj., adopted by Malone, "*pur-
pose*"); Prol. I. 9.

QUAINTLY, skilfully; Prol. III. 13.
QUICK, invigorating; IV. i. 28.
QUIRKS, caprices; IV. vi. 8.
QUIT, requite; III. i. 35.
QUOD ME ALIT, ME EXTINGUIT, that
which gives me life, gives me death;
II. ii. 33.

RAPTURE, violent effort; (Qq., Ff. 3,
4, "*rupture*"); II. i. 161.

RECORDS, sings; Prol. IV. 27.
REFT, bereft; II. iii. 84.
REPEATED, mentioned, told; I. i. 96.
RESIST ME, are distasteful to me; II.
iii. 29.

RESOLVE, solve; I. i. 71.
—, satisfy; II. v. 68.
—, tell, inform; V. i. 1; V. iii. 61.
RESOLVED, satisfied, convinced; II.
iv. 31.

RETURN THEM, announce to them; II.
ii. 4.

'SAV'D, assayed, those who have
assayed; I. i. 59, 60.

SEMBLANCE, (trisyllabic); I. iv. 71.
SHALL's, shall we; IV. v. 7.
SHINE, brightness; I. ii. 124.
SHIPMAN, seaman; I. iii. 24.
SHORES, sewers; IV. vi. 136.

SIC SPECTANDA FIDES, thus faith is to
be tested; II. ii. 38.

SLEIDED, raw, untwisted; (Qq., F. 3,
"*sledded*"; F. 4, "*sledded*"); Prol.
IV. 21.

SMOOTH, flatter; I. ii. 78.
So, well and good; IV. ii. 48.
SOMETIME, once; II. i. 143.
SOMETIMES, formerly, sometime; I. i.
34.

SOMEWHAT, something; II. i. 128.
SPEEDING, succeeding; II. iii. 116.

Prince of Tyre

SPEKEN, speak; Prol. II. 12.
 STANDING-BOWL, a bowl resting on a foot; II. iii. 65.
 STAY, await; II. ii. 3.
 STEAD, aid, help; Prol. III. 21; Prol. IV. 41.
 STILL, continually, always; Prol. I. 36.
 STRAIGHT, immediately; III. i. 54.
 STRAIN, race; IV. iii. 24.
 SUDDENLY, quickly; III. i. 70.
 —, at once, immediately; IV. i. 96.
 TAKE, betake; III. iv. 10.
 TELLUS, the earth; IV. i. 14.
 THAT, if; Prol. I. 13.
 —, so that; Prol. V. 7.
 THETIS, the sea goddess; IV. iv. 39.
 THOROUGH, through; IV. iii. 35.
 THOUGHTEN, thinking; IV. vi. 115.
 THROG'D UP, pressed, numbed; II. i. 77.
 THROG'D, pressed, crushed; I. i. 101.
 THWARTING, crossing; IV. iv. 10.
 TIRE, furniture, bed-furniture(?)=comfortably and richly furnished bed; III. ii. 22.
 To, compared to; II. iii. 36.
 TO-BLESS, bless; (*to*, used intensively); IV. vi. 23.
 TOURNEY, hold a tournament; II. i. 116.
 TRIUMPH, tournament; II. ii. 1.
 UNSCISSAR'D, uncut, untouched by the scissors; III. iii. 29.
 UNTO, according to, in comparison to; II. i. 163.

VAIL, lower; II. iii. 42.
 —, do homage; Prol. IV. 29.
 VAILS, perquisites received by servants; II. i. 157.
 VEGETIVES, vegetables, plants; III. ii. 36.
 VIOL, vial, phial; (Qq. 4, 5, 6, Ff. 3, 4, "*viall*"); III. ii. 90.
 VISOR, mask; IV. iv. 44.
 WAGES, equals, weighs; IV. ii. 34.
 WANION; "with a w."="with a curse on you," "with a vengeance"; (probably ultimately derived from the phrase "*in the waniand*," *i.e.* "in the waning moon," *i.e.* at an unlucky time, hence = with ill-luck; II. i. 17.
 WEED, garment, robe; IV. i. 14.
 WELL-A-DAY, grief, woe; IV. iv. 49.
 WELL-A-NEAR, alas! well-a-day; Prol. III. 51.
 WELL SAID, well done; III. ii. 87.
 WHERE, whereas; I. i. 127; II. iii. 43.
 WHEREAS, where; I. iv. 70.
 WHIPSTOCK, the handle of a whip; II. ii. 51.
 WHO, he who; I. i. 94.
 WIGHT, man; Prol. I. 39.
 WIT, know; IV. iv. 31.
 WITH, by; I. i. 4; II. i. 68, 69.
 WORD, motto; II. ii. 21.
 WOULD; "I w.", I wish; III. i. 42.
 WRIT, holy writ, gospel; (Qq. 2, 3, "*write*"; Steevens conj. "*wit*"; Nicholson conj. "*Writ*"); Prol. II. 12.
 YOUNGER, past, ago; I. iv. 39.
 Y-SLAKED, sunk to repose; Prol. III. 1



Notes.

I. i. 24. 'boundless'; Rowe's emendation of Qq., Ff. 3, 4, 'bondlesse'.

I. i. 29. 'death-like dragons here affright'; Daniel conj. 'death, like dragons, here affrights'; S. Walker conj. 'affront'; Hudson conj. 'affronts'.

I. i. 55-57. The arrangement of the text, confused in Qq. and Ff., was first made by Malone.

I. i. 59, 60. 'Of all'say'd yet'; Mason conj. 'In all, save that'; Mitford conj. 'O false! and yet'.

I. i. 113. 'cancel of'; Malone's emendation; Ff. 3, 4, 'cancel off'; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 'counsell of'; Q. 5, 'counsel of'.

I. i. 128. 'untimely'; Wilkins, in the Novel, writes 'uncomely,' which may, perhaps, give the correct reading of the line.

I. i. 135. 'blush,' i.e. 'who blush'; the omission of the pronoun, personal or relative, is characteristic of the non-Shakespearian portions of the play.

I. ii. 1. 'change of thoughts,' i.e. perturbation of thought; Steevens conj. 'charge of thoughts?'; Mason conj. 'change of thoughts?'; Singer (ed. 2), 'charge our thoughts?'; Staunton conj. 'change our thoughts?'; Bailey conj. 'child of thought'; Daniel conj. 'cast of thought'.

I. ii. 3. 'Be my so used a guest as'; Dyce's emendation; Q. 1, 'By me so vsde a guest, as'; Malone (1780), 'By me's so us'd a guest, as'; Jackson conj. 'Be by me so us'd a guest?'.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre

I. ii. 8. 'arm'; so F. 4; Dyce reads 'aim'.

I. ii. 30. 'Who am'; Farmer conj.; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, 'Who once'; Malone (1780), 'Who owe'; (1790), 'Who wants'.

I. ii. 41. 'blast'; Mason conj.; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, 'spark'; Malone (1790), 'breath'; Steevens conj. 'wind'.

I. ii. 55. 'plants'; so Q. 1; Malone's emendation of Qq. and Ff., 'planets'.

I. ii. 86. 'doubt it'; Steevens conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 'doo't'; Qq. 4, 5, 6, and Ff., 'thinke'.

I. ii. 93. 'spares'; so Q. 1; Qq. 2-6, and Ff. 3, 4, 'feares' and 'fears'.

I. ii. 95. 'reprovest'; Malone, 'reprov'st'; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 'reprou'dst'; Qq. 4, 5, 6, 'reprovedst'; Ff. 3, 4, 'reproved'st'.

I. iii. 4-7. Cp. "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who, being demanded by King Lisimachus what favour he might do unto him, for that he loved him, made him answer to the king, that your Majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets."—Barnabie Riche's *Soldier's Wish to Briton's Welfare*.

I. iii. 27-28. 'but since he's gone, the king's seas must please'; Mason conj. 'But since he is gone, the king, seas must please'; Percy conj. 'But since he's gone, the king it sure must please'; Collier (ed. 2), 'But since he is gone the king's ease must please'; Perring conj. 'But since he's gone, the king this news must please'; Dyce conj. 'But since he's gone the king's ears it must please'.

I. iv. 8. 'mischief's eyes'; Steevens, 'mistful eyes'; Anon. conj. (1814), 'mischief-size'; Singer (ed. 2), 'mistie eyes'; S. Walker conj. 'misery's eyes'; Kinnear conj. 'weakness' eyes'; Mr T. Tyler's suggestion, 'not seen with mischief's eyes,' i.e. 'not seen with the eyes of despair,' seems to be the most ingenious correction of the line, if any change is necessary.

I. iv. 13-14. '*Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes*'; Hudson reads '*Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes*' :

—; '*sorrows do*'; Cartwright conj. '*sobblings do*'; Bailey conj. '*bosoms too*'; Anon. conj. '*sorrowing bosoms do*'.

I. iv. 15. '*tongues*'; Qq. 1, 2, 3, '*toungs*'; Steevens conj. '*lungs*'.

I. iv. 39. '*yet two summers younger*'; Mason conj.; Q. 1, '*yet too sauers younger*'; Ff. 3, A, '*yet to sauers younger*'.

I. iv. 69. '*of unhappy me*'; Malone (1780), '*of unhappy men*'; Steevens conj. '*of unhappy we*'; Jackson conj. '*O unhappy me*'.

I. iv. 74. '*him's*' i.e. '*him who is*'; Malone's reading; Q. 1, '*himnes*'; Qq. 2, 3, F. 3, '*hymnes*'; Qq. 4, 5, '*hynmes*'; Q. 6, '*hyumes*'; F. 4, '*hymns*'; Steevens conj. '*him who is*'.

Prol. II. 19. '*for though*'; Steevens, '*forth*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*for thy*'; Nicholson conj. '*for-though*'; Kinneear conj. '*for through*'.

Prol. II. 22. '*Sends word*'; Steevens conj.; Qq. 1-5 read '*Sau'd one*'; Q. 6, Ff. 3, 4, '*Sav'd one*'.

II. i. 52. '*finny*'; Steevens conj. (from Wilkins' novel); Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*fenny*'.

II. i. 58. '*search*'; Steevens conj. '*scratch it*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*scratch't*'; Staunton, '*scratch*'; Anon. conj. '*steal it*'; Hudson, '*steal't*'.

II. i. 60. '*May see the sea hath cast upon your coast*'; so Qq.; Ff. 3, 4, '*Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast*'; Malone (1780), '*You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast*'; Steevens, adopted by Malone (1790), '*Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—*'.

II. ii. 14. '*entertain*'; Steevens conj. '*explain*'; Anon. conj. '*entreat*'; Anon. conj. '*emblazon*'; Schmidt conj. '*interpret*'.

II. iii. 19. '*Marshal*'; Malone's emendation; Qq., F. 3, '*Martiall*'; F. 4, '*Martial*'.

II. iii. 29. '*resist*'; Collier conj. '*distaste*'.

—; '*he not*'; so Qq. 2-6, Ff. 3, 4; Malone '*she not*'; Malone, conj. '*he now*'; Steevens conj. '*be not*'; Mason conj. '*she but*'; Dyce conj. '*he but*'.

II. iii. 50. '*stored*'; Steevens conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, '*stur'd*'; Ff. 3, 4, '*stirr'd*'; Mason conj. '*stow'd*'.

II. iii. 63. '*kill'd are wonder'd at*'; Daniel, '*still ne'er wondered at*'; Anon. conj. '*kill'd are scorned at*'; Kinnear '*little are wonder'd at*'.

II. iv. 41. '*For honour's cause*'; Dyce's reading; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*Try honours cause*'; Steevens conj. '*Try honour's course*'; Jackson conj. '*Cry, honour's cause!*'; Anon. conj. '*By honour's cause*'.

Prol. III. 35. '*T-ravished*'; Steevens conj.; Q. 1, '*Iranyshed*'; Q. 2, '*Irany shed*'; the rest, '*Irony shed*'.

III. i. 7-8. '*Thou stormest venomously; Wilt*'; Dyce's reading; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*then storme venomously, Wilt*'; Malone, '*Thou storm, venomously, Wilt*'; Steevens, '*Thou, storm, thou! venomously Wilt*'; Collier, '*Thou storm, venomously Wilt*'.

III. i. 14. '*travails*'; F. 3, '*travels*'; Dyce, '*travail*'.

III. i. 26. '*Use honour with you*'; Steevens reads '*Vie honour with yourselves*'; Mason conj. '*Vie honour with you*'.

III. i. 63. '*aye-remaining lamps*'; Malone's conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, '*ayre remayning lampes*'; Qq. 4, 5, 6, '*ayre remaining lampes*'; F. 3, '*ayre remaining lamps*'; F. 4, '*air remaining lamps*'; Jackson conj. '*area-manasing*', &c.

III. ii. 17. '*all-to topple*'; Singer (ed. 2), '*al-to topple*'; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*all to topple*'; Dyce, '*all to-topple*'.

III. ii. 22. '*Rich tire*'; Steevens conj. '*Such towers*'; Qq. 1, 2, 3,

'*Rich tire*'; the rest, '*Rich atttre*'; Jackson conj. '*Rich Tyre*'; Collier (ed. 2), '*Rich 'tire*'.

III. ii. 41. '*treasure*'; Steevens' emendation for '*pleasures*' and '*pleasure*' of Qq., Ff. 3, 4.

III. ii. 42. Steevens explained the words as an allusion to an old print exhibiting *Death* in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* standing behind, and grinning at the process.

III. ii. 48. '*time shall never. . .*'; so. Qq. 1, 2, 3; Qq. 4, 5, 6, Ff. 3, 4, '*neuer shall decay*'; Malone, '*time shall never—*'; Dyce, '*time shall never raze*'; Staunton, '*time shall ne'er decay*'; Anon. conj. '*time shall never end*'.

III. iii. 7. '*wanderingly*'; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*wondringly*'; Schmidt conj. '*woundingly*'.

III. iii. 29. '*Unscissar'd shall this hair*'; Steevens' emendation; Qq. 1-4, '*unsisterd . . . heyre*'; Q. 5, '*unsisterd shall his heyres*'; Q. 6, '*unsisterd . . . heire*'; Ff. 3, 4, '*unsister'd . . . heir*'.

III. iii. 30. '*show ill*'. Qq. and Ff. read '*show will*'; the correction was made independently by Malone and Dyce; this and the previous emendations are confirmed by the corresponding passage in the Novel.

ProL. IV. 17. '*marriage rite*'; Collier's reading; Percy conj. '*marriage rites*'; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*marriage sight*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, '*marriage fight*'; Steevens conj. '*marriage night*'.

ProL. IV. 26. '*night-bird*'; Malone's emendation of Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*night bed*'.

IV. i. 5. '*inflaming love i' thy bosom*'; Knight's emendation of Q. 1, '*in flaming, thy loue bosome,*' &c.

IV. i. 11. '*only mistress' death*'; Malone (1790), '*old mistress' death*'; Percy conj. '*old nurse's death*'; &c., &c.

Prince of Tyre ❧

IV. i. 64. '*stem to stern*'; Malone's emendation; Qq., '*sterne to sterne*'; Ff. 3, 4, '*stern to stern*'.

IV. i. 97. '*the great pirate Valdes*'; "perhaps there is here a scornful allusion to Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral taken by Drake in 1588" (Malone).

IV. iii. 17. '*pious*'; Mason conj., and Wilkins' novel, adopted by Collier; Qq. 1, 2, 3, '*impious*'; the rest omit the word.

IV. iii. 47-48. '*dost, with thine angel's face, Seize*'; Malone conj. '*dost wear thine angel's face; Seize*'; Steevens, '*doth wear an angel's face, Seize*'; Hudson (1881), '*doth use an angel's face, Then seize*'.

IV. iii. 48. '*talons*'; Rowe's emendation of Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*talents*'.

IV. iv. 13-16 The arrangement of the lines is according to Hudson's edition (1881).

IV. iv. 18. '*his pilot thought*'; Steevens conj. '*his pilot wrought*'; Mason conj. '*this pilot-thought*'; Qq. 1, 2, 3, '*this Pilat thought*'; the rest, '*this Pilate thought*'.

IV. iv. 48. '*scenc must play*'; Malone's emendation (1790); Qq., Ff. 3, 4 read '*Steare must play*'; Steevens conj., adopted by Malone (1780), '*tears must play*'; Malone conj. '*stage must play*'; Steevens, '*scenes display*'.

V. i. 47. '*deafen'd*'; Malone's emendation; Q. 1, '*defend*'; the rest, '*defended*'.

V. i. 72. '*prosperous and artificial feat*'; i.e. '*gracefully and skilfully performed*'; Mason conj. '*prosperous artifice and fate*'; Steevens, '*prosperous-artificial feat*':

—; '*feat*'; Percy conj., adopted by Steevens, Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*fate*'.

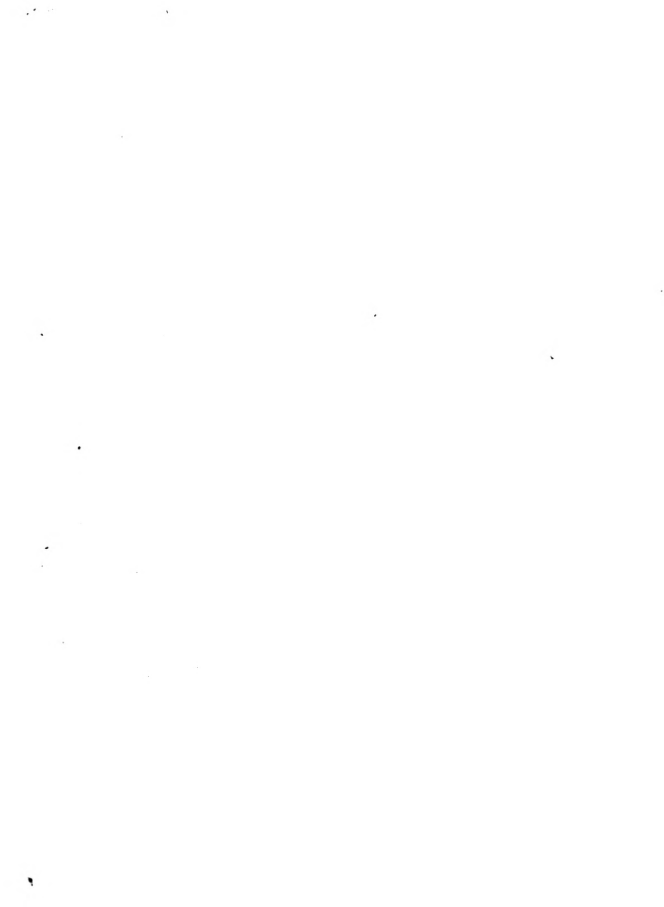
≡ Pericles, Prince of Tyre

V. i. 209-210. The passage is so corrupt that the Cambridge editors found themselves obliged to leave it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.

V. i. 235. '*nips*'; Collier conj. '*raps*'.

V. i. 247. '*life*'; Charlemont conj., adopted by Malone; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, '*like*'.



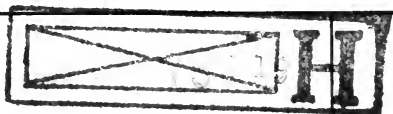


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